

# MAA



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# ATLANTIA

ATLANTIA  
(The New Children)  
Six Songs  
By Bob Gould

## II.

They had broken the back of their world. Made it knuckle under to the power which had pitted the land. All had been done in the name of peace, for the coming of peace; in the name of God, for the love of God.

Again preparations began. With eyes on the stars the lonely people made ready their great machines.

“The dreams of ages old are now ours to hold. It is time to leave this cradle which has fostered us so long and reach for the brilliant baubles, those dangled before us since the opening of our eyes. We will play in the planets, capture galaxies never ending. All will be ours, it is our inheritance . . . , we have earned.”

One knew the error in the thinking of his fellows. The ways of destruction which his people had cherished so long were soon to be obsolete. The stars were not governed by the laws of his race. New methods must be sought, means beyond machines, beyond fuel and fire, and a fresh refinement brought to bear. In the name of God.

Man now hunted the secrets of Travel.

This was known in Atlantia.



“All things are born through the death of another. In truth, existence is ruled by destruction, only through the plague can we see the cure . . . . In the fiery phoenix of annihilation the spine of true power is suckled, patiently awaiting a new life.”

Maelstrom’s stumbling words died in the dank air as he paced around the room, . . . across the rocks . . . circling the sand.

“The answer must be here; in that space of time so shrouded, the brief threshold between Who am I? and Truly, I am! To attain this glorious goal, all must destroy, build anew, then abandon again.”

“This, then, I will take as my creed. Do, Produce, Destroy, Advance. To distill life’s living to an essence, ever thrusting to boundless horizons. I will pursue this Quest with all my strength for in this essence must lie the key!”

All sought the Genesis. To know perfection, to rock and sway in time to celestial harmonies; from the primal moments of birth to be beyond life. These thoughts filled the bold fantasies of the young and the silent musings of the old.

Some, eyes eclipsed by the flame of their passionate desperation, chose forbidden paths.

Such was the quest of Maelstrom.

In lamp lit quiet, the study glowed soft, the air stood electric, sharp with the pulse of the probe wielded by the anxious voyager. Onward, ever onward he pierced, the spearhead of destruction . . . progress . . . obliteration . . . rebirth.

“Maelstrom, end this carnage; come speak with me!”

He turned a quick glance to his herald, and found two figures haloed in golden radiance.

“The journey is ending, friend Trigon, I can feel it. Much has passed in my wake, but, oh, the greatness of the goal! With each thrust I near the Genesis, with each fall I feel the power, each birth I gain new force. Momentum ever increases, leaping over lands unseen, toward . . . all there is! We have yearned for this moment long, friend, soon it will be ours to share!”

“Quester, turn and face me!”

The eyes gripped firm.

“Your reasoning is strong, Maelstrom, and your faith unerring. Destruction is indeed one with the Genesis, re-birth truly son to All-Life. But your road is finite and soon to cease, and your abstractions not as they seem. Now, pilgrim, listen to the sounds of that which you destroy!”

The power of Trigon stood unleashed. The pawns of Maelstrom’s endeavor now sang the songs of their being. No longer were they mere incidentals, but total worlds within themselves, containing still other worlds, onward to infinity. The sound thundered in his skull, searing each nerve, the voices raised high and proud, fierce and defiant.

“See the power you have forsaken! All is born, all will pass, but these voices are eternal! From the dawn they have been, ever shall they be. In your search for a method concrete, you have blindly bypassed these which can never be harnessed!”

The crescendo ceased.

The valiant voyager lay crumpled on the floor.

“The sight has drained him, Trigon.”

“It was necessary; he had to feel the power, see the truth of his tamperings. But his aim was for the good, his concern in the best. He shall begin again.”

Morning Glory, sanctuary of the power most precious, granted her gift to their vanquished friend.

“As all shall perish, all shall be reborn. Come, Maelstrom, Begin anew.”



And Leageon, the star sailor, journeyed ever onward.





THE DIARIES OF GOD

Translated from the original Ethereal by Eric Liberty Kimball and edited with occasional notes by Young Thomas Canty III

Dear Diary,  
In my last entry, as you may recall, I promised to furtherly relate and remark upon the unfolding of certain events – namely, my meeting of and subsequent adventures with Willie and Sam – and so to do I fully intend, though I feel it only meet and right to give warning at the



outset of this narrative that my observations may or may not have any foundation in truth, as I was, during the entirety of this period, under the influence of a rather curious (although altogether highly enjoyable) fluid that had the effect of at first clouding and later laying to waste my powers of perception (There! I've done it! Willie bet me that I couldn't fit a hundred words into one sentence! Up yours, Will!).

Upon rereading my last entry (Number Two), I find that I somehow neglected to describe the physical countenances of my two new companions. This unfortunate state of affairs I shall now endeavour to remedy.

I have not yet satisfactorily determined whether or not they are physically infinite entities, nor yet have I learned whether the natures of their respective mentalities embrace the infinite. Nor am I likely to, for, fond as I am of toying with paradoxes, I find that recently, when faced with questions of such gargantual complexity, more often than not I am inclined to indulge myself in a container or two of the haze-inducing fluid.

Their most readily apparent physical characteristics, however, differ little from mine, though they appear to be able to alter them at will. Sam most often goes about with two eyes, two ears, two hands, a nose and a mouth, but finds especial delight in varying their numbers and appearances in a most disconcerting manner. When conversing with him, for instance, you may start out addressing your remarks to a rather normal looking fellow and end up speaking to a thousand-eyed, multi-mouthed, million-handed monster – wholly unnerving, to say the least.

Willie also has Sam's chameleonic ability, but most often appears as two eyes, two ears, etcetera. He also has something called a "banjo" which appears to be attached to one of his hands, as he

is never without it. I do not know if it is a physical appendage. It may perhaps be some sort of growth. I am hoping it is the latter, as he is always beating at it with his free hand and I would much prefer to believe that he is attempting to remove it from his person, rather than be forced to admit that I am in the company of a chronic masturbator. A third alternative presents itself, and that is that this "banjo" thing is neither an appendage or growth but is some sort of living being. I

Willie informed me that because of it I would most assuredly go to a place called "hell". I really do not want to, as I am growing very fond of the place in which I now am. Perhaps if I capitalize all the letters in my name this time it will make it all right.

Hoo boy,  
GOD

Copyright proceedings begun  
February 28, 1972



For some time I have been fascinated by the archeology of things. This fascination has recently been directed toward synthetic painting medias or as more commonly called acrylics.

Before discussing the archeology, the origins, of synthetic media, several points must be made clear. In reality, only a fraction of those products presently on the market are to be rightly called synthetic. The term, simply defined, means, "that which does not occur in

nature," an inorganic material. Such chemicals as esters in ethers of cellulose, are organic, therefore, by this definition, not synthetic. They are, however, still referred to as plastics, acrylics or even synthetics. The first of these was discovered in 1868, a mixture of cellulose nitrate, and camphor, the material, however, is not permanent. Vinyl resins were developed as early as 1840 but not introduced in this country until 1927 as polyvinyl resins.

The first synthetic media was developed by Dr. Leo Baeleland in 1901 who discovered, "a soft gummy material". Also in 1901, Dr. Otto Rohm began his research into the commercial applications of synthetics. In 1915 Dr. Rohm was the first to publish a thesis on synthetics and acrylics. He later received a patent for this formula, a combination of Methyl Methracolite and Propylene processed by Hydrochloric and sulphuric acids in alcohol. In 1931 Rohm and Haas Company opened and Acrylic Resin was on the market. In the late 1930's these same acrylic resins were used in the manufacture of Lucite and Plexiglass.

Following World War II, two synthetic mediums dominated the market, they were butadiene styrene and polyvinyl acetate emulsions. These were the best on the market, but many problems were still encountered with these and production costs were still very high, research continued.

High production costs were eliminated in 1953 with development of a new catalyst acrylite Moromer. This made synthetics available at competitive prices.

Since that time the art market has divided in two sections, the production of synthetic or acrylic tube paints and the production of Binders and Mediums. The first section developed three generations of tube paints, (I have chosen not to deal with them chronologically). First generation contains: SHIVA, BOCOUR, HYPLAR, NEW MASTERS, and LIQU-TEX. The second: VANGUARD, NIJI,

TALENS and WEBBER. The third: ROWNEY ACRYLIC GOUACHE, WINSOR NEWTON and MODULAR COLOR.

Of all these commercially manufactured tube paints, the third generation looks to be about the most promising – Rowney Acrylic Gouache (not sold in this country) is the only opaque paint containing acrylic resin on the market. Winsor Newton, (not yet released) looks promising because of the new emolients



(unknown as yet) they are employing. Finally, Liquetex Modular Colors – are interesting primarily because of their colour co-ordination.

As previously mentioned the second part of the market deals with mediums or binders, usually sold on large scale, not only to the artist and sculptor, but to industry. There are as many of these binders in existence as there are brands of tube paints. However, the best known are Politec, developed by Jose Gutierrez, and Rhoplex AC-33, by Rohm and Haas.

Research, whether being done by individual artists, groups, or chemists, (or all of these as is the case of the artists research institute in New York) is moving in two directions – the first if toward the development of completely synthetic binders, mediums and emolients. And the second is concerned with the use of synthetic media in combinations with organic materials.

PAUL OTT

oh my good lady  
rocking . . . .  
in whose arms cradled . . . .  
rests  
no child

oh my poor lady  
barren . . . .  
in whose arms cradled . . . .  
rests  
no child

i believe your eyes

are green as the cats  
claws concealed  
in your hairy palms

oh my good lady  
where are the mirrors  
in this house?  
the flowers  
in your yard . . . .  
are dying  
and i think  
the cookie jar  
is empty

oh my lifeless lady  
who chooses  
the "beautiful people"  
if i knew  
i would nominate you  
dressed in your white  
finery  
and boston rocker  
with that  
homespun hair

oh my good lady  
silent  
in whose arms cradled . . .  
rests  
no child  
i see  
a porcelain doll  
split  
with age  
cracked  
from moisture

oh my fair lady  
why do you cry?

B. L. Doliber

In letters from friends distant  
in heart and mind and soul,  
disparity of game playing,  
sterile

stringings  
of beads.

How inevitable departure seems.  
So will illusions  
fade unnoticed and let  
other

realities

This Long Waiting

This long waiting sometimes  
gets me down  
around my knees.  
It makes me buckle  
to the floor  
with knotted fists  
and bolted brain.

(don't get me wrong – don't think  
I might complain . . .)

Only, sometimes,



encompass.  
  
Inevitable departure, for I  
disavow your motto, my friend:  
"From high in my solitary loft  
I look down upon the little men  
of the earth

Your wisdom demands  
my gentle understanding,  
ye worldly man.

Slumbered visions waltzing in  
hallways unending,

Embroidered dreams enslaving  
unchained sleep,

Imprisoned tenderness caresses  
willfully passionate,

Disentangled harmonies torture  
symphonies beneath . . .

Wanting Ice

Ah, to be touched once more  
by the secrets of ice,  
of winter's snow –  
cold and calm and unbegotten –  
Sickness of summer's searing grace  
and sweat sliding down the  
temples of my face  
has made me  
tired beyond my memory.

this long waiting gets  
me down  
so that I wish it over and done  
and once and for all . .  
(I can't escape, even if I leave town).

a twisted path  
guarded . . . .  
hoarded . . . .  
by  
the thorn  
of the rose  
beauty surrounded . . . .  
by pain

sorrow  
measured through joy  
life  
lived through death

Kathy Connors  
7/23/71

B. L. Doliber

kathy connors  
7/23/71



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ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST  
BE TYPED.

words across a page read like a painting with no meaning  
juxtapose those same words and they become more interesting  
to the reader's eye, for instance . . .

see the large branches of the trees intermingle amongst  
themselves.

(a complete thought that does little more than  
arouse your interest)

now a switch in position . . .  
see

branches  
of intermingle  
large the  
trees amongst

by changing the words spacially as well as gramatically  
the reader is forced to use his imagination in order to  
decide the meaning or substance of the words, normally  
when reading any written material we are too quick to  
pass over what is printed we don't question or alter in  
any way what has been laid down we are merely letting the  
words pass through us each time we read or hear a sentence  
we should pick it apart and decide for ourselves what the  
value of the written or spoken material is too often there  
is no meaning behind what is said and written.

after reading what I have said please feel free to  
rearrange or juxtapose any words or sentences that might  
possibly interest you.

D. Di Nitto